WIN A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT
SEE PAGE 22

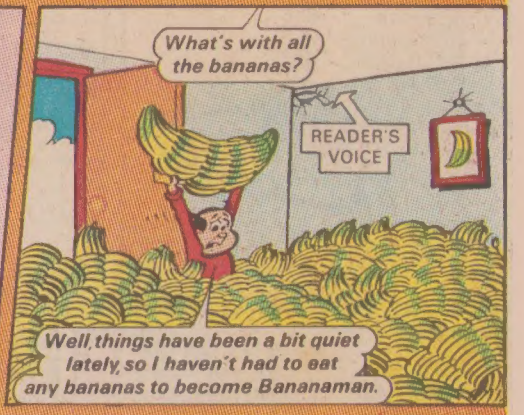
NUTTY

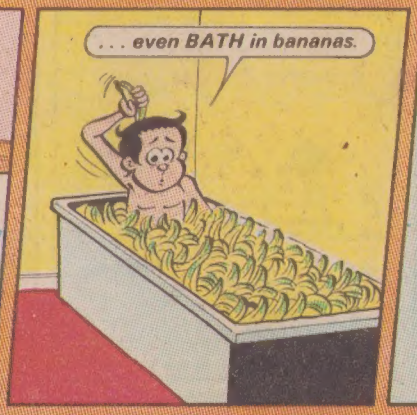
18p
IR 30p
(Inc. VAT)

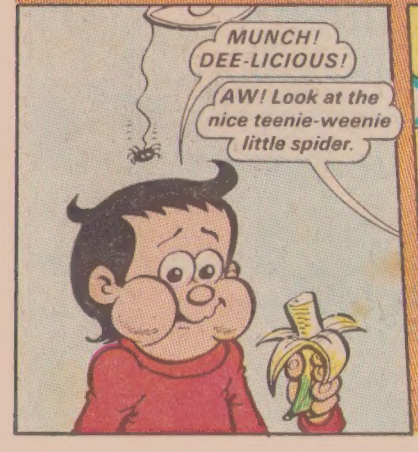
EVERY SATURDAY No. 245 Oct. 20th, 1984

THE COMIC WITH YOUR TV STAR

BANANAMAN


What's with all the bananas?
READER'S VOICE
Well, things have been a bit quiet lately, so I haven't had to eat any bananas to become Bananaman.

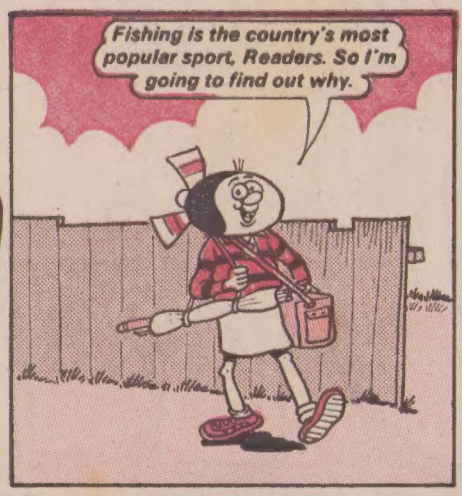


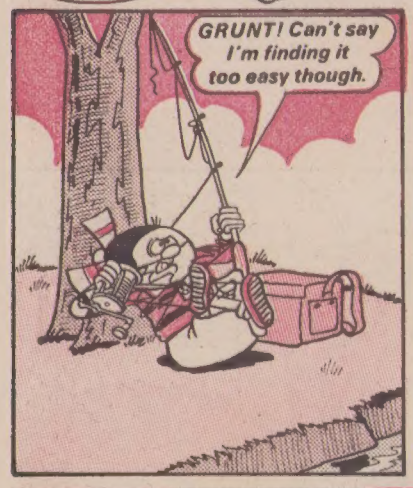


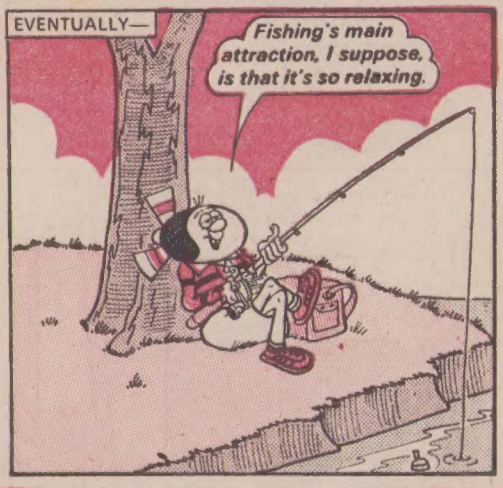
Crickey! That little spider's been affected by Eric's bananachange too—this IS exciting.
Wh-what happened?
Gerroff, you great hairy hulk.
MORE CREEPY-CRAWLIE HAPPENINGS ON THE CENTRE PAGES, READERS.

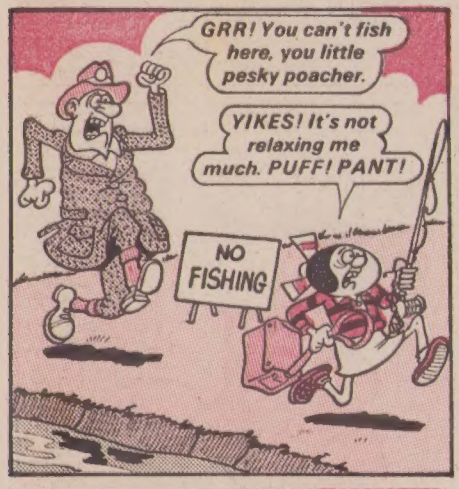
SPORTS FAN

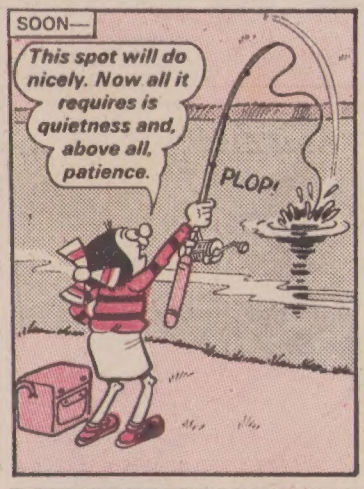
'SME!

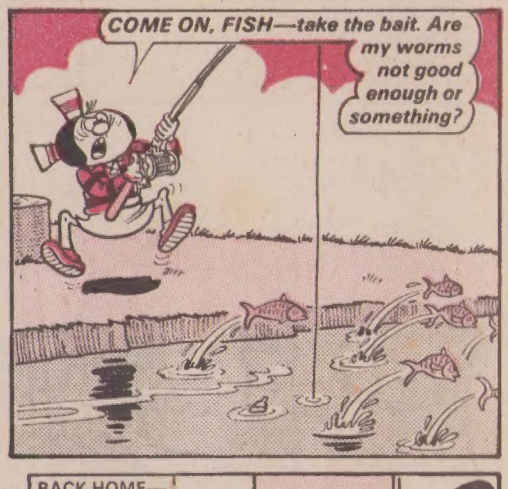


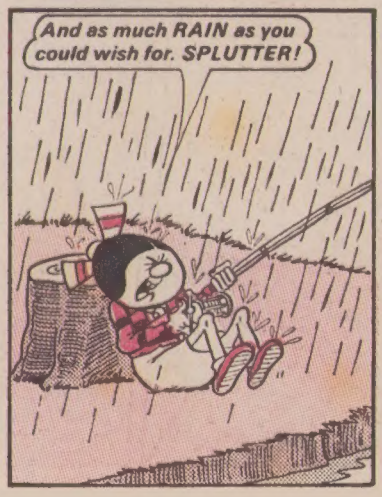


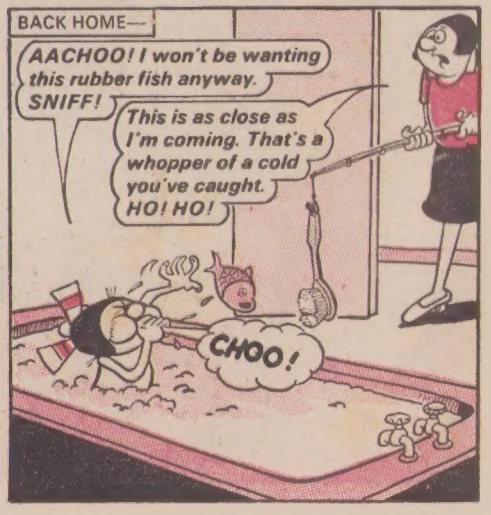











BACK HOME—
AACHOO! I won't be wanting this rubber fish anyway. SNIFF!
This is as close as I'm coming. That's a whopper of a cold you've caught. HO! HO!
CHOO!

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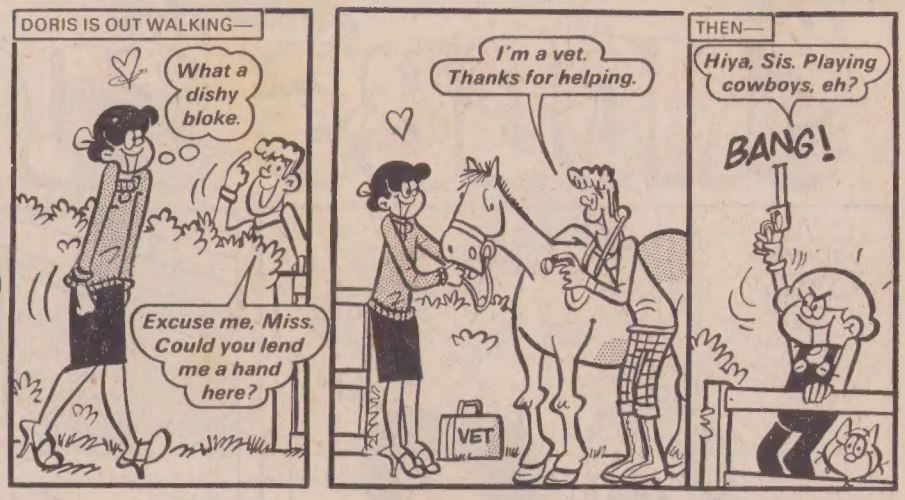
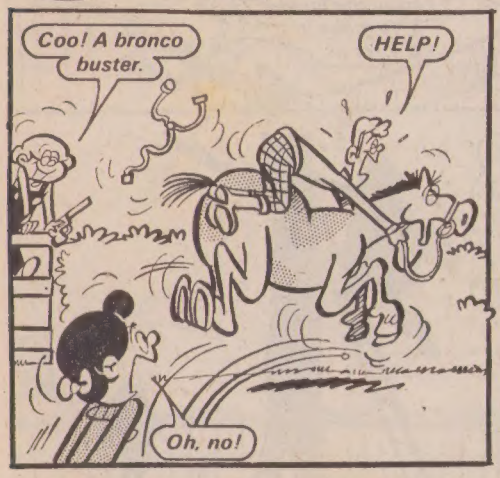
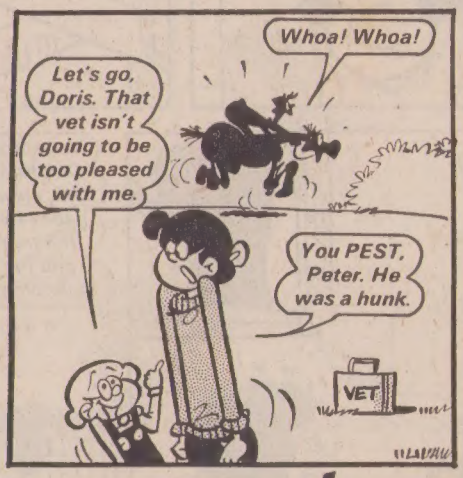
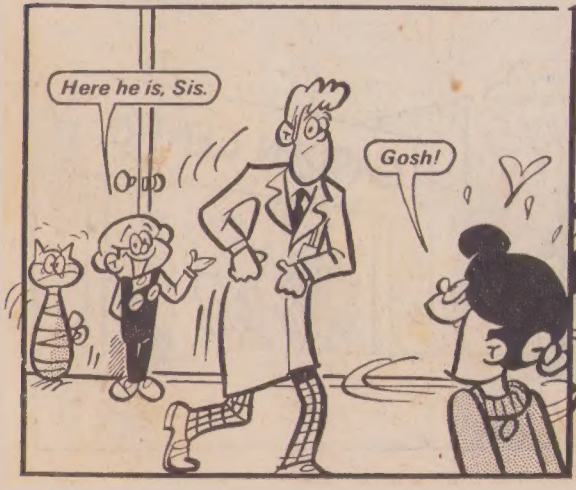
PETER Pest


DORIS IS OUT WALKING—
What a dishy bloke.
Excuse me, Miss. Could you lend me a hand here?
I'm a vet. Thanks for helping.
VET
THEN—
Hiya, Sis. Playing cowboys, eh?
BANG!







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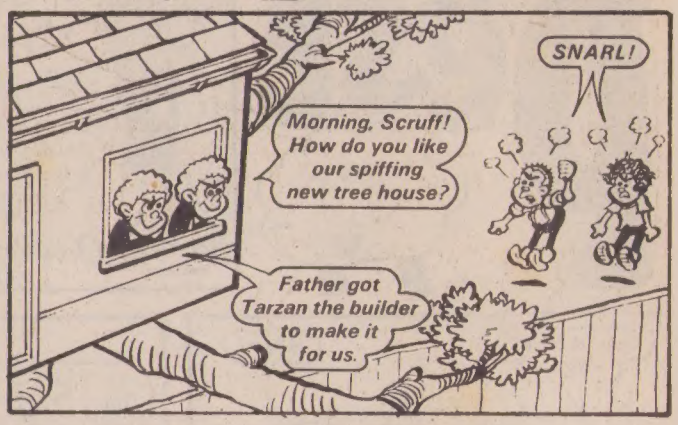
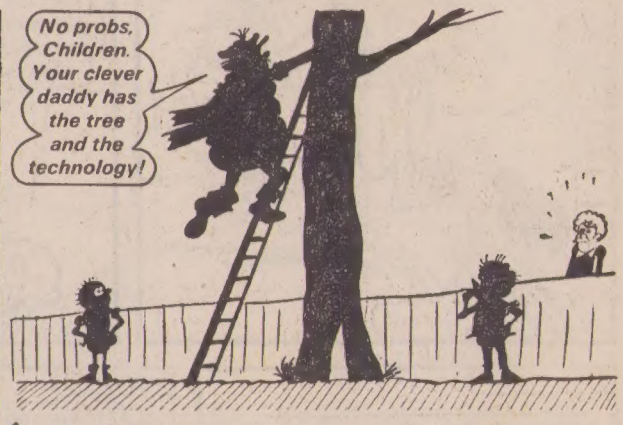
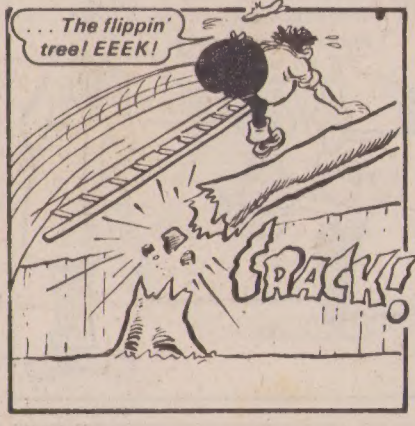
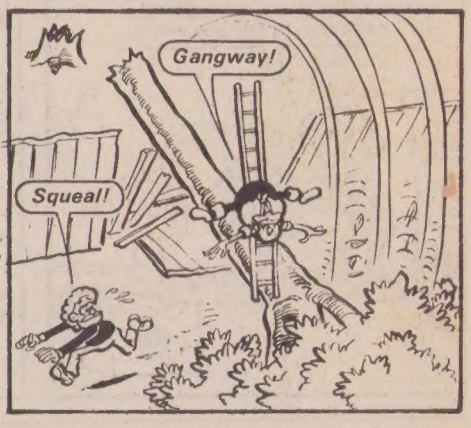
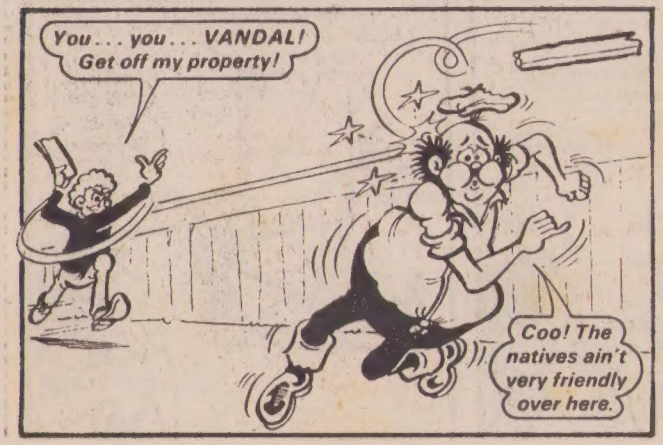
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

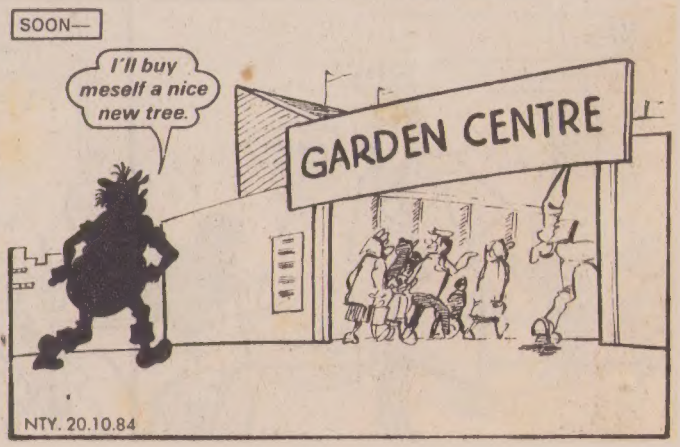


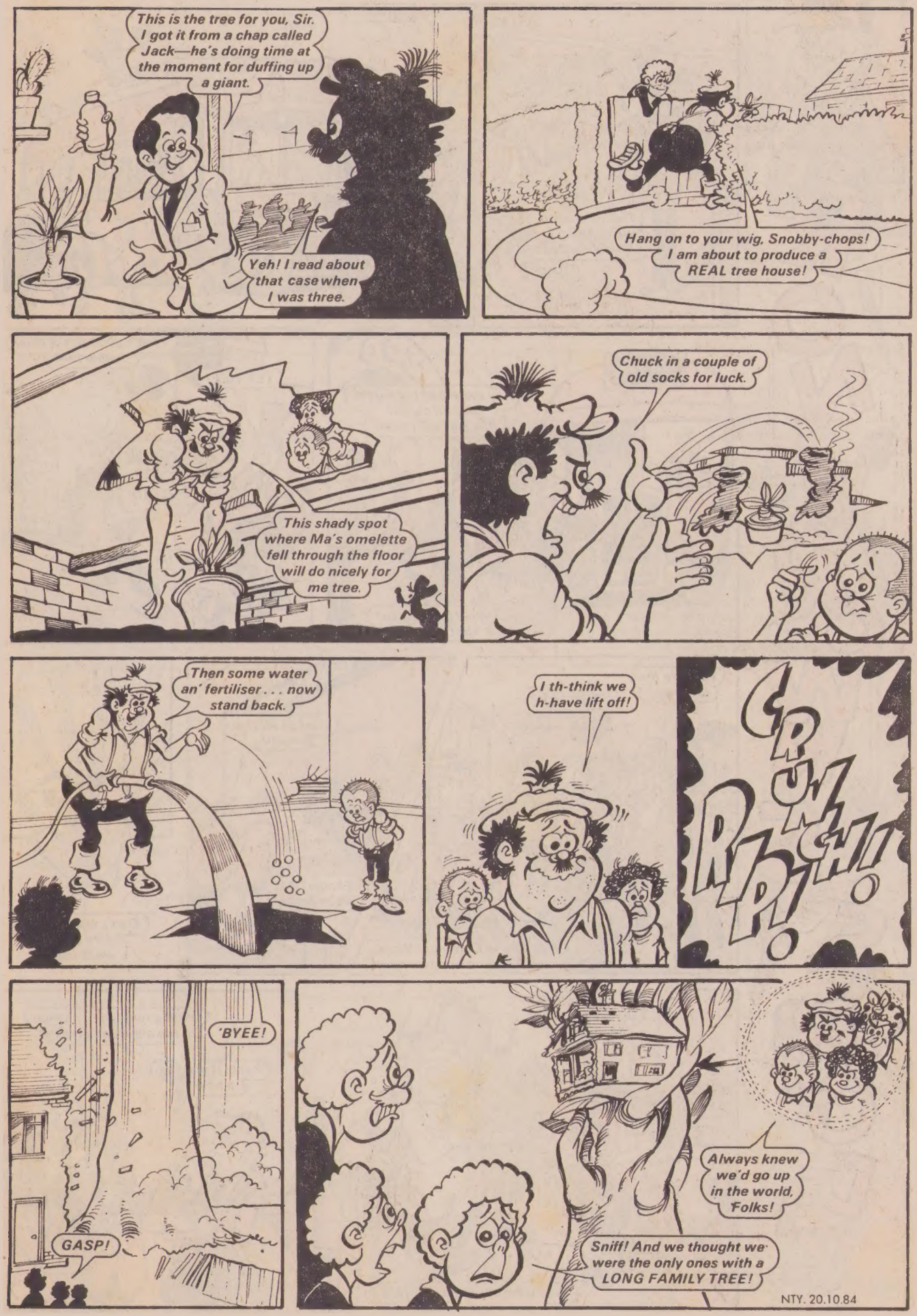











This is the tree for you, Sir. I got it from a chap called Jack—he's doing time at the moment for duffing up a giant.
Yeh! I read about that case when I was three.
Hang on to your wig, Snobby-chops! I am about to produce a REAL tree house!
This shady spot where Ma's omelette fell through the floor will do nicely for me tree.
Chuck in a couple of old socks for luck.
Then some water an' fertiliser . . . now stand back.
I th-think we h-have lift off!
GRUNCH!
'BYEE!
GASP!
Always knew we'd go up in the world, Folks!
Sniff! And we thought we were the only ones with a LONG FAMILY TREE!
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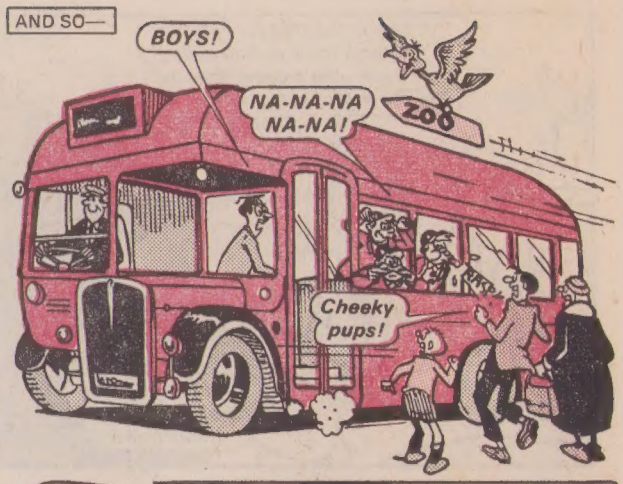
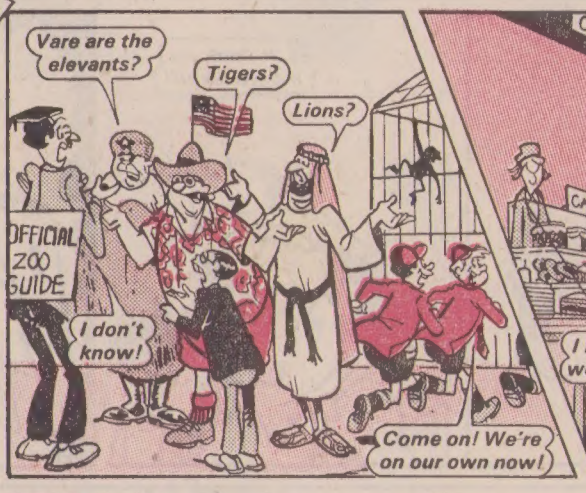
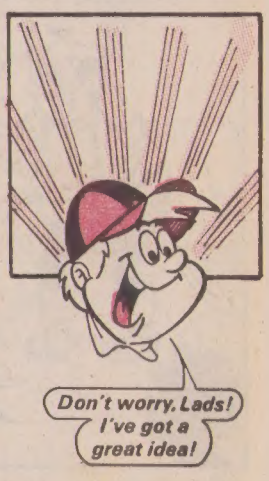
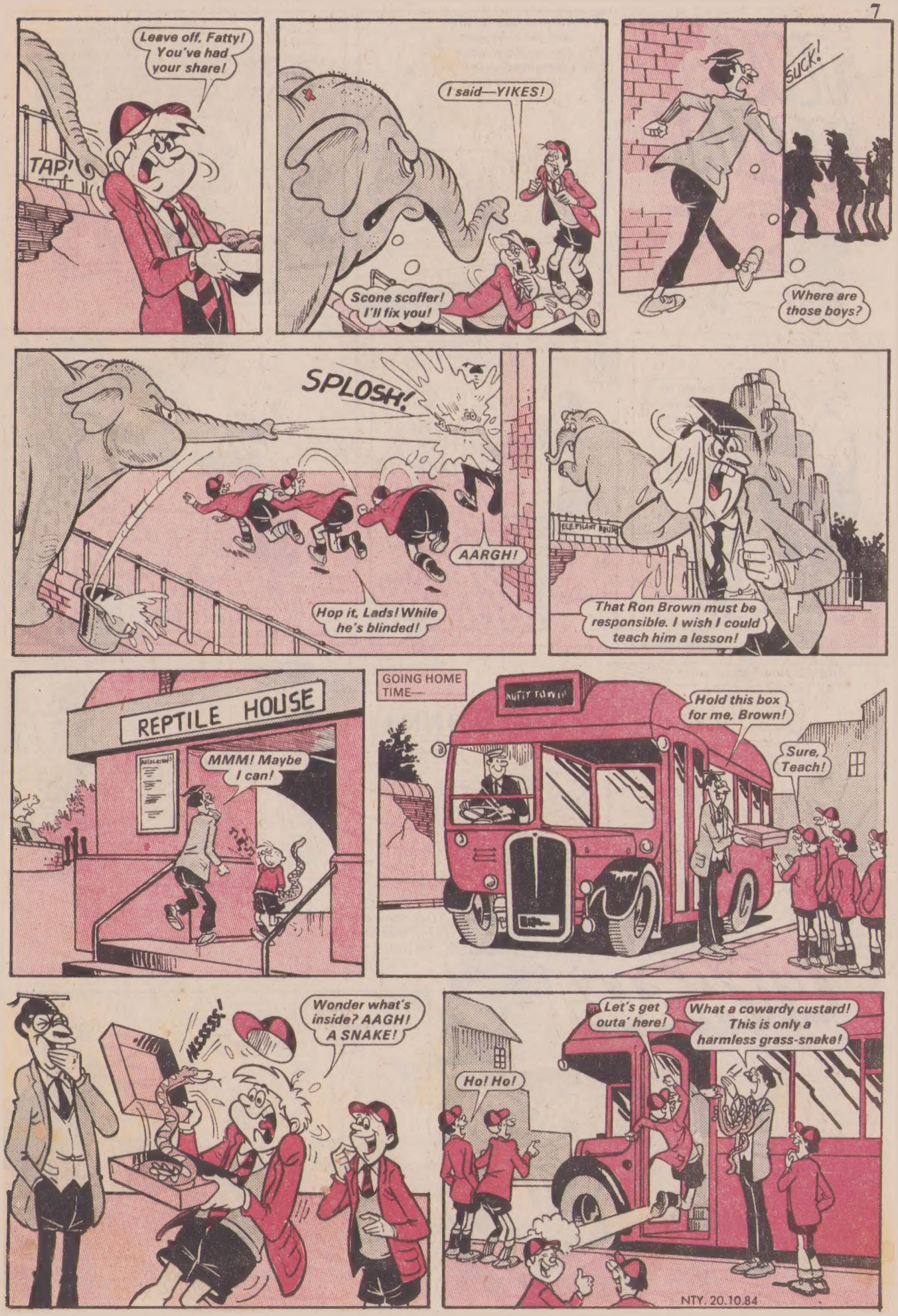
RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS








Leave off, Fatty! You've had your share!
TAP!
I said—YIKES!
Scone scoffer! I'll fix you!
SUCK!
Where are those boys?
SPLOSH!
AARGH!
Hop it, Lads! While he's blinded!
ELEPHANT HOUSE
That Ron Brown must be responsible. I wish I could teach him a lesson!
REPTILE HOUSE
MMM! Maybe I can!
GOING HOME TIME—
NUTTY TOWN
Hold this box for me, Brown!
Sure, Teach!
Wonder what's inside? AAGH! A SNAKE!
Let's get outa' here!
What a cowardy custard! This is only a harmless grass-snake!
Ho! Ho!
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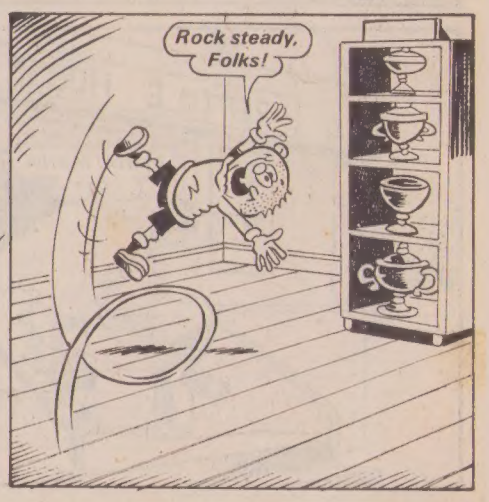
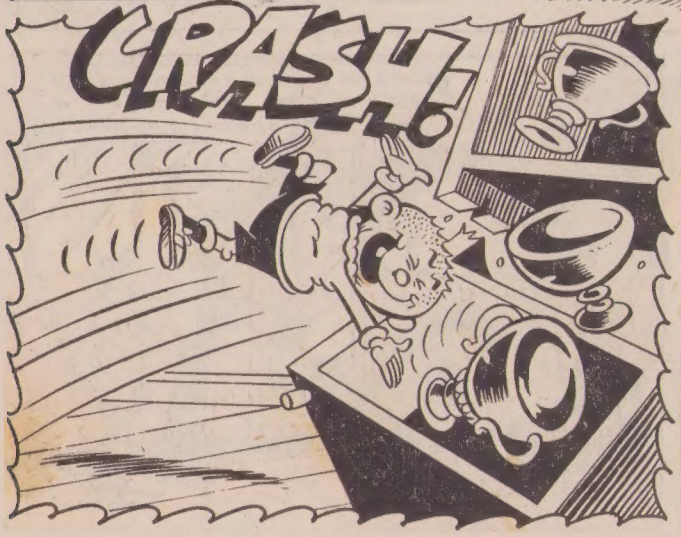
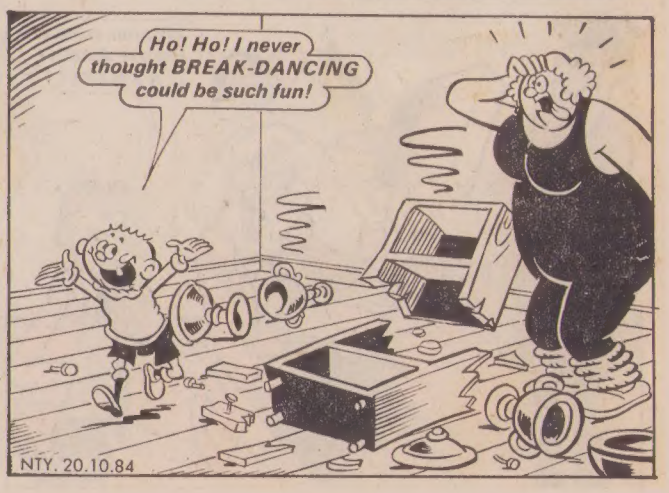
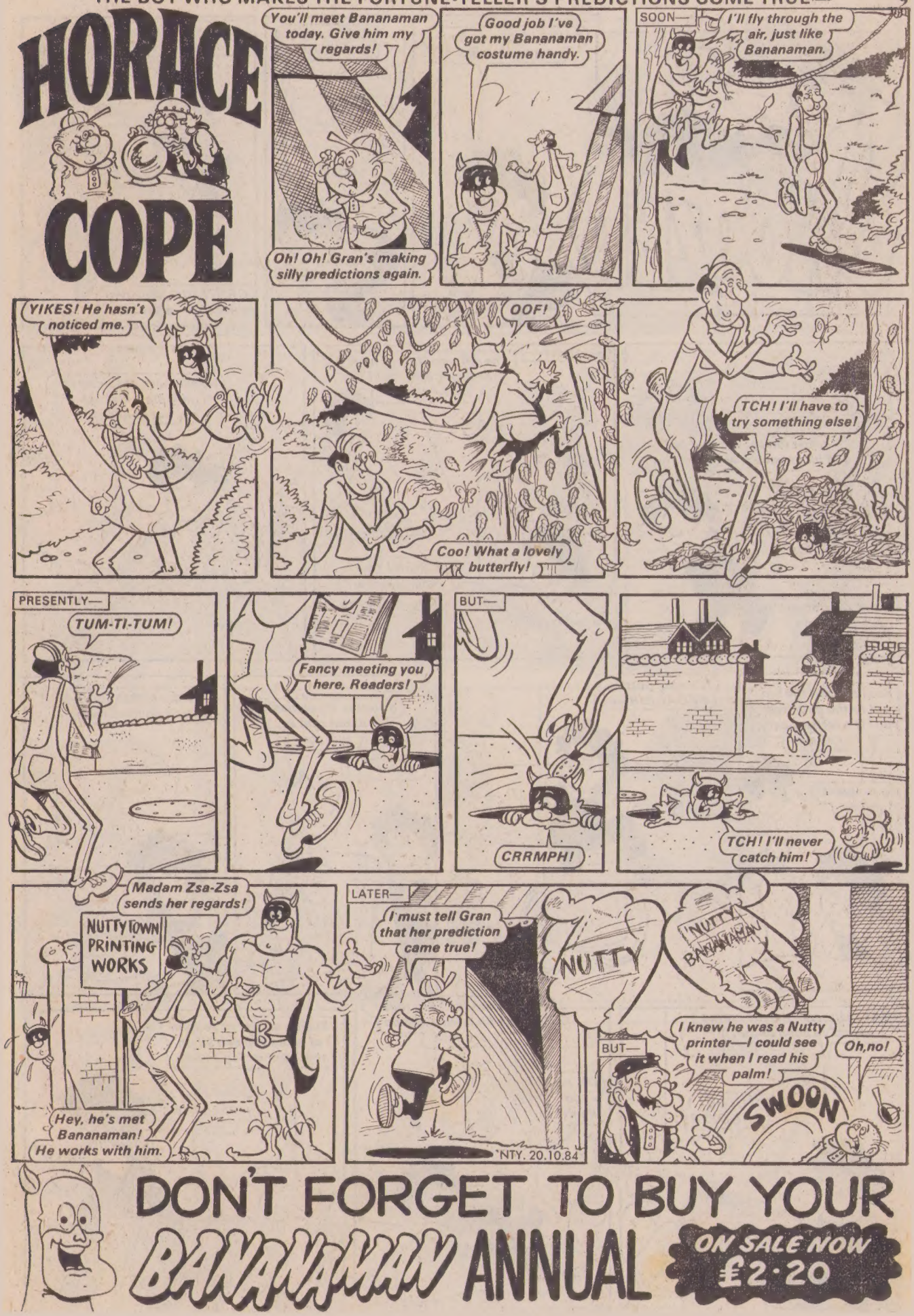
TWEET WILLIAM







HORACE COPE


You'll meet Bananaman today. Give him my regards!
Oh! Oh! Gran's making silly predictions again.
Good job I've got my Bananaman costume handy.
SOON—
I'll fly through the air, just like Bananaman.
YIKES! He hasn't noticed me.
OOF!
Coo! What a lovely butterfly!
TCH! I'll have to try something else!
PRESENTLY—
TUM-TI-TUM!
Fancy meeting you here, Readers!
BUT—
CRRMPH!
TCH! I'll never catch him!
Madam Zsa-Zsa sends her regards!
NUTTY TOWN PRINTING WORKS
Hey, he's met Bananaman! He works with him.
LATER—
I must tell Gran that her prediction came true!
NUTTY
NUTTY BANANAMAN
BUT—
I knew he was a Nutty printer—I could see it when I read his palm!
Oh,no!
SWOON
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ZZZ
SNOOZER
YAWN! I love cycling—it's so relaxing.
ZZZ! So very, very relaxing.
No, Snoozer—don't do THAT!
READER'S VOICE
WOOPS! Who put this shed here?
SMASH!
GRR! I DID, only two days ago—after YOU last knocked it down.
Just look at the number of bikes you've wrecked now.
All this excitement has made me tired.
PRESENTLY—
The different bits of all my broken bikes are still useful though.
TING-A LING!
SIGH! You rang, Snoozer?
Handlebars are super for helping a lazy lad out of bed.
Snoozer, put the bin out to the gate, will you? It's rather heavy, I'm afraid.
No problem, Mum.
It's easy putting a PEDAL BIN out.
SOON—
Snoozer, do something about that fly, will you?
Righto!
BZZZ!
A blast of DD TEA should do the trick.
SUCK
DRAT! Missed—maybe coffee would've been better.
GLUB! SNOOZER!
SPLOSH!
I've been really busy today. Think I'll have a nap on the sofa.
Oh, no you don't!
Seeing as you're so fond of bikes you can sit on that hard racing saddle.
OOH! That's really nasty, Dad.
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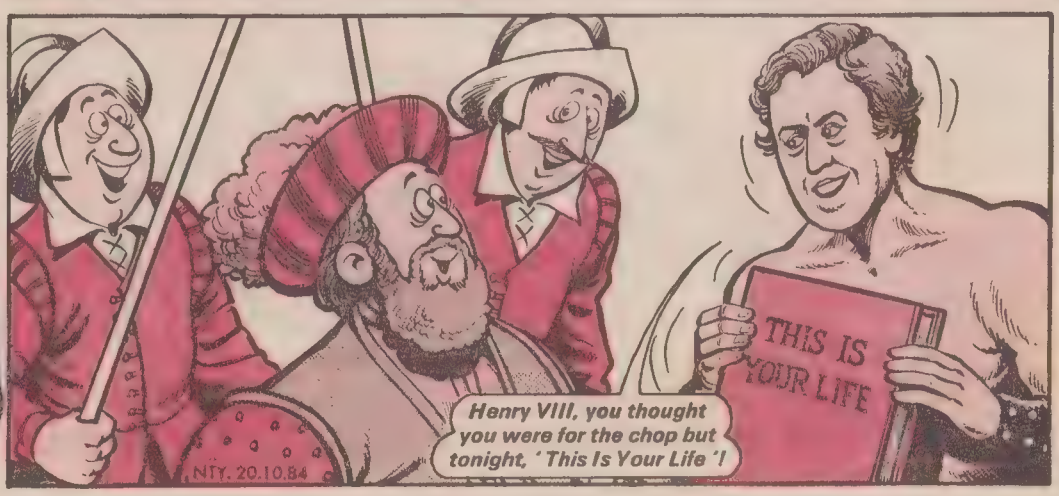
NUTTY TALES

Am I not to see the face of my executioner?

Why, of course!

Eh?


THIS IS YOUR LIFE
Henry VIII, you thought you were for the chop but tonight, ' This Is Your Life '!
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BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

GALLOPIN' GUMBOILS! That brute could terrorise Nuttytown.

In fact it's spinning a giant web already.

It's spinning MRS WEBB from next door.

HELP!

YAAHOO! Being big's great fun. I'm fed-up of humans always standing on me.

Oh, Bananaman, you've saved me.

UGH! I'd rather have taken my chances with a stampeding brontosaurus.

SHEE! I ask you—have you ever seen such horrible, bandy, hairy legs in your life?

CHEEKY LOUT! I shaved 'em first thing this morning.

BLAT!

GNNGH!

Phew! I don't think I'll be able to solve this problem with a rolled-up newspaper.

RANT! RAVE!

I'll need much more than that.

READ ALL ABOUT IT! Newsvendor kidnapped by caped nutcase.

Maybe a rolled-up newsvendor can stop it.

READ ALL ABOUT IT! Newsvendor bangs head off giant spider.

Giggle! That's tickly

Thanks for your help, GoodCitizen—it was worth a try.

READ ALL ABOUT IT! Newsvendor wishes he could smash Bananaman in the gob.

SOON

GLASSWORKS

SMASH!

WOW! It's Bananaman—he's a real PANE!

Hi, Men—mind if I have a bash at glass-blowing?

Seeing as you're my hero you can go right ahead.

PUFF! I'm hoping this JAR will get me out of a JAM.

PUFF!

MEANWHILE

YAARGH! Bet you've not seen anything as ugly as me.

SHRIEK! No—never!

We have!

Look!

WHIMPER! It's 'orrible!

There! Gottim—guess that's another problem brilliantly solved.

BUT—

Sorry, Bananaman, we need this glass to make smell-proof double-glazing for Mr and Mrs Snobb.

No, no, don't lift that!

Yeah! Go on.

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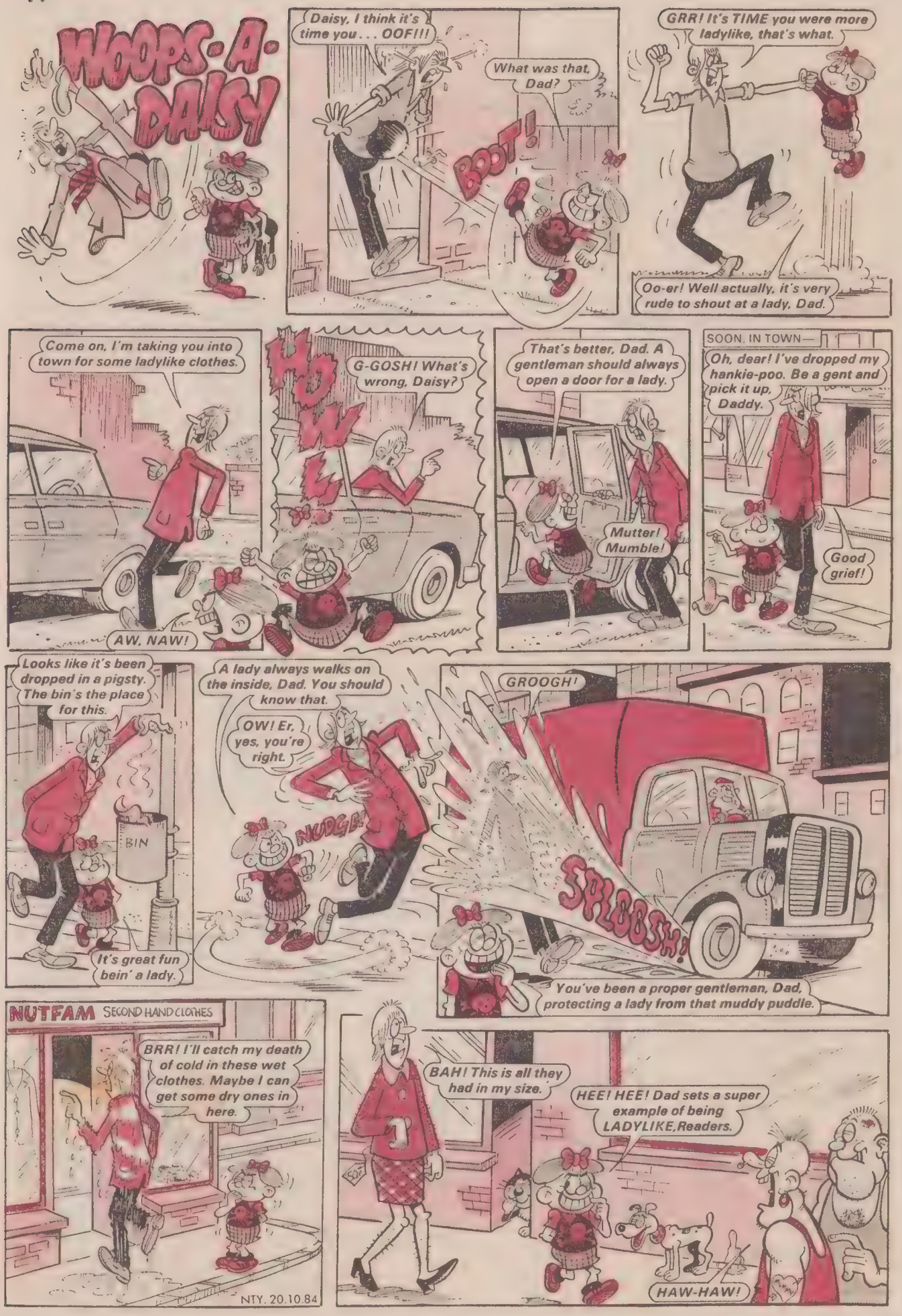
MORE EIGHT-LEGGED LUNACY NEXT WEEK


WOOPS-A-DAISY
Daisy, I think it's time you . . . OOF!!!
What was that, Dad?
BOOT!
GRR! It's TIME you were more ladylike, that's what.
Oo-er! Well actually, it's very rude to shout at a lady, Dad.
Come on, I'm taking you into town for some ladylike clothes.
AW, NAW!
G-GOSH! What's wrong, Daisy?
HOW
That's better, Dad. A gentleman should always open a door for a lady.
Mutter! Mumble!
SOON, IN TOWN—
Oh, dear! I've dropped my hankie-poo. Be a gent and pick it up, Daddy.
Good grief!
Looks like it's been dropped in a pigsty. The bin's the place for this.
BIN
It's great fun bein' a lady.
A lady always walks on the inside, Dad. You should know that.
OW! Er, yes, you're right.
NUDGE!
GROOGH!
SPLOSH!
You've been a proper gentleman, Dad, protecting a lady from that muddy puddle.
NUTFAM SECOND HAND CLOTHES
BRR! I'll catch my death of cold in these wet clothes. Maybe I can get some dry ones in here.
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BAH! This is all they had in my size.
HEE! HEE! Dad sets a super example of being LADYLIKE, Readers.
HAW-HAW!

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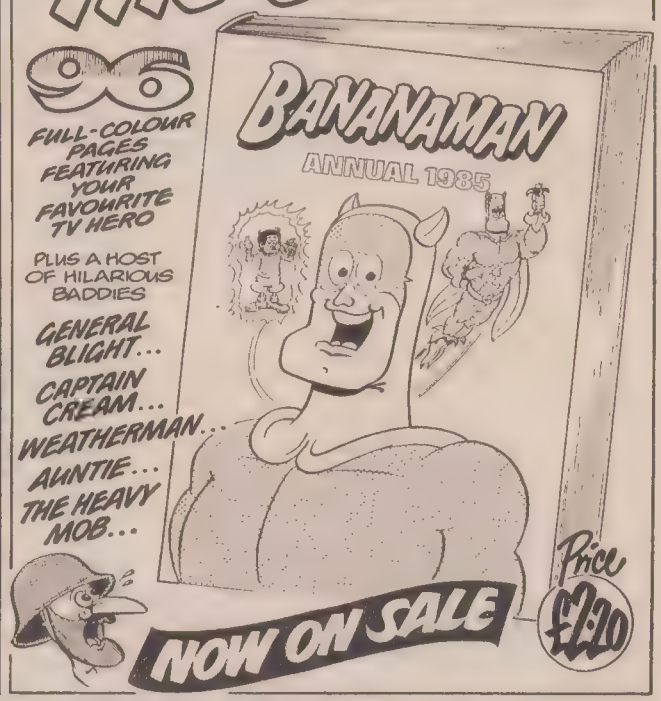

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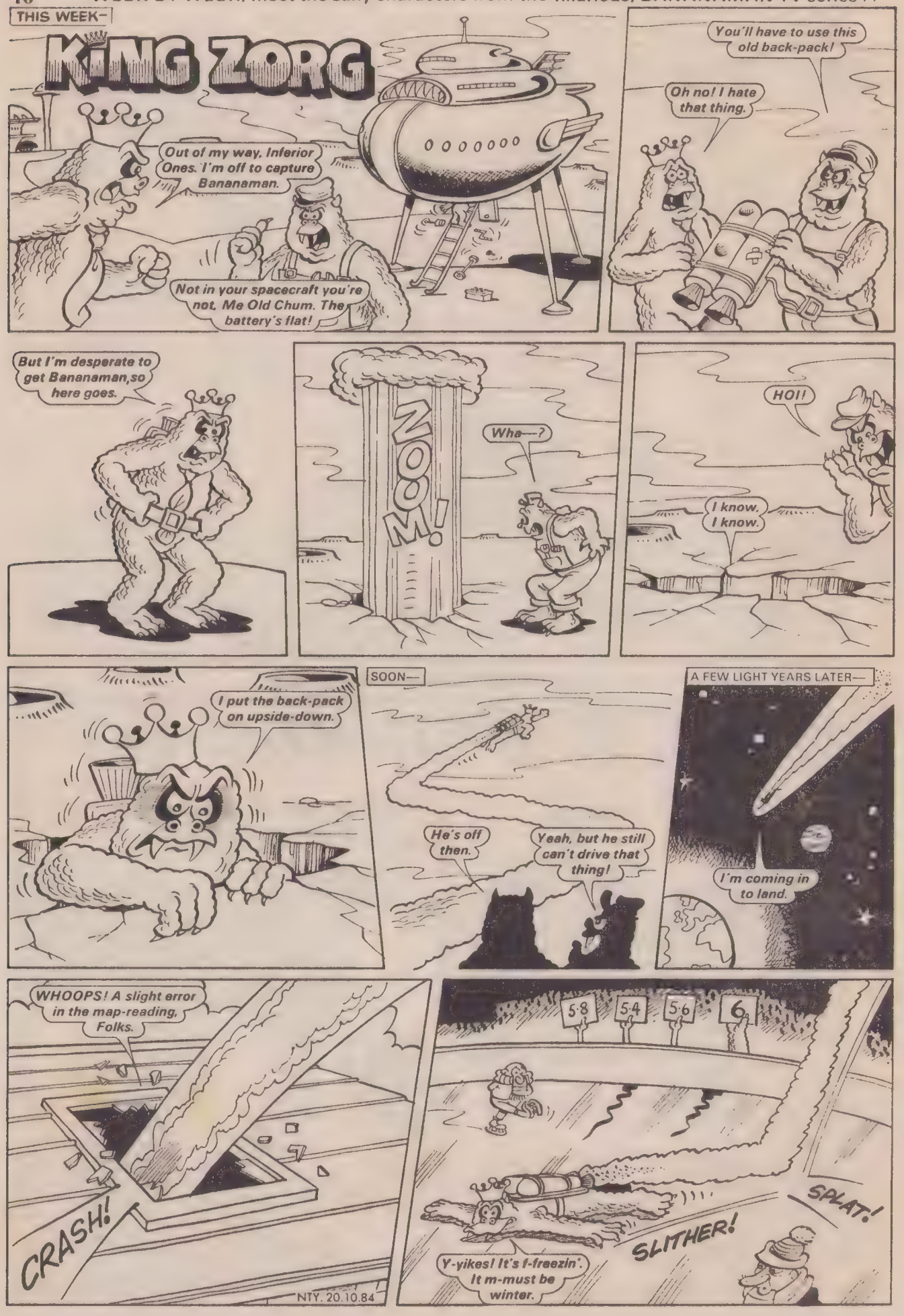
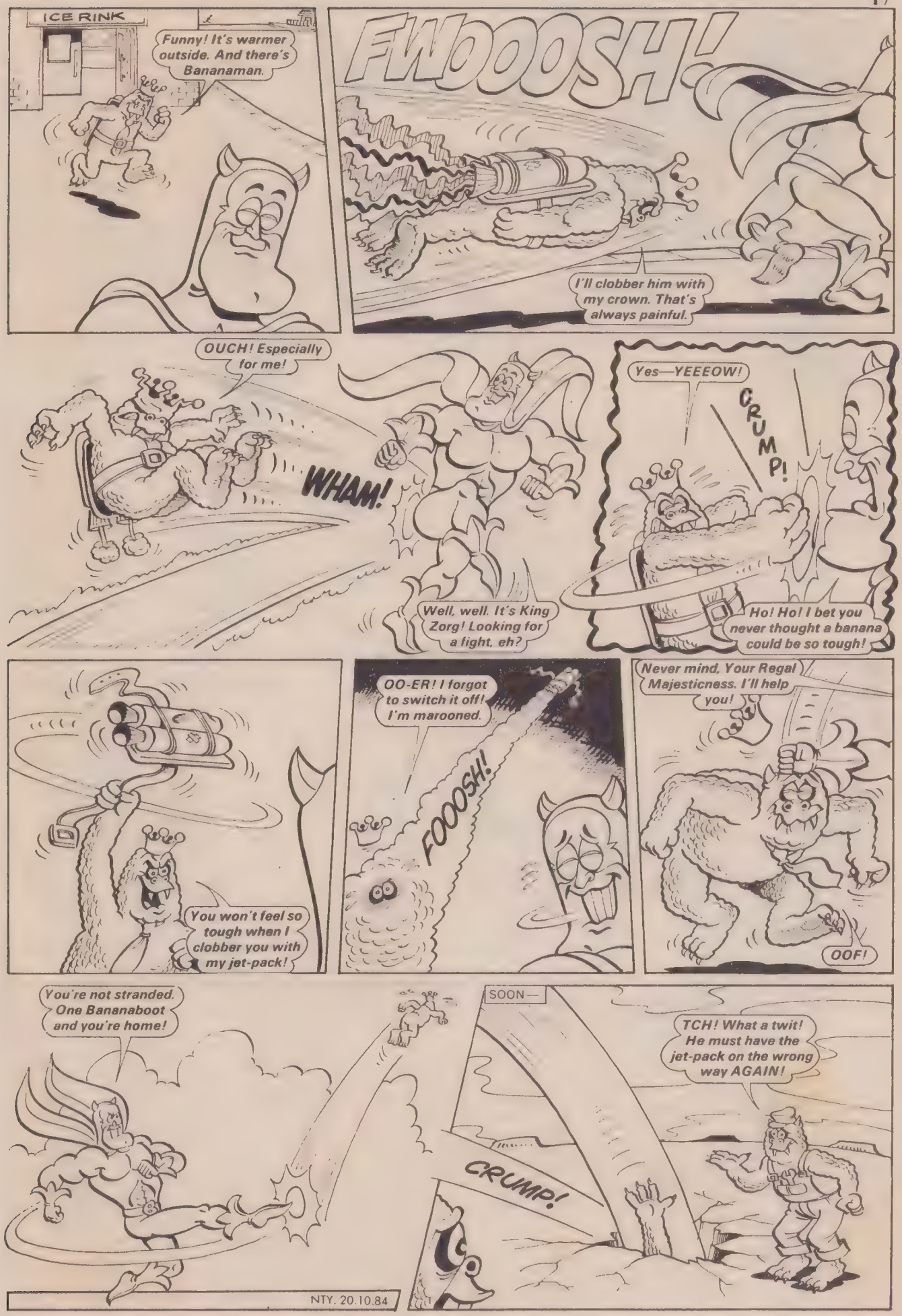
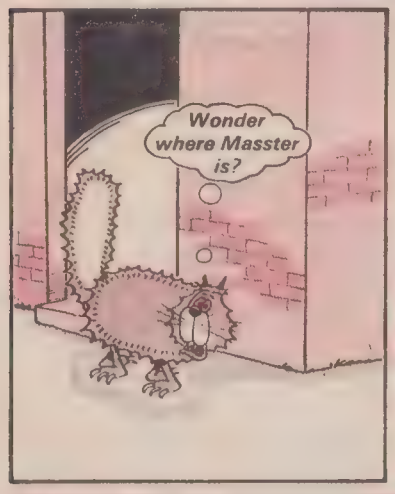
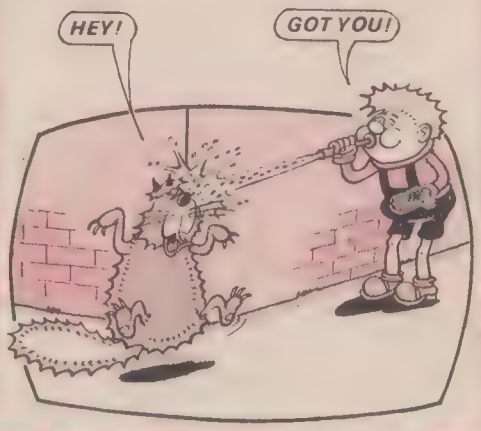
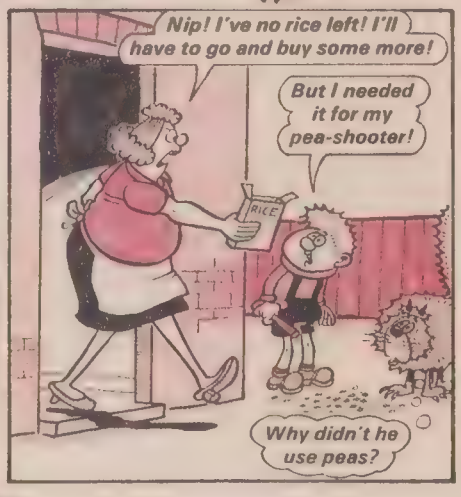

THIS WEEK-
KING ZORG
Out of my way, Inferior Ones. I'm off to capture Bananaman.
Not in your spacecraft you're not, Me Old Chum. The battery's flat!
You'll have to use this old back-pack!
Oh no! I hate that thing.
But I'm desperate to get Bananaman,so here goes.
NOOM!
Wha—?
HOI!
I know. I know.
I put the back-pack on upside-down.
SOON—
He's off then.
Yeah, but he still can't drive that thing!
A FEW LIGHT YEARS LATER—
I'm coming in to land.
WHOOPS! A slight error in the map-reading, Folks.
CRASH!
NTY. 20.10.84
5·8
5·4
5·6
6
SPLAT!
SLITHER!
Y-yikes! It's f-freezin'. It m-must be winter.


ICE RINK
Funny! It's warmer outside. And there's Bananaman.
FWOOOSH!
I'll clobber him with my crown. That's always painful.
OUCH! Especially for me!
WHAM!
Well, well. It's King Zorg! Looking for a fight, eh?
Yes—YEEEOW!
CRUMP!
Ho! Ho! I bet you never thought a banana could be so tough!
You won't feel so tough when I clobber you with my jet-pack!
OO-ER! I forgot to switch it off! I'm marooned.
FOOOSH!
Never mind, Your Regal Majesticness. I'll help you!
OOF!
You're not stranded. One Bananaboot and you're home!
NTY. 20.10.84
SOON—
TCH! What a twit! He must have the jet-pack on the wrong way AGAIN!
CRUMP!

NIP and RRIP

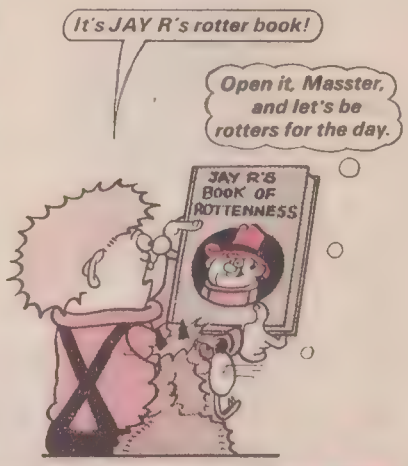

Wonder where Masster is?

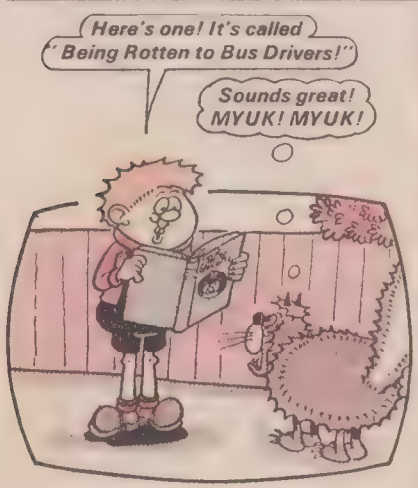

HEY!
GOT YOU!

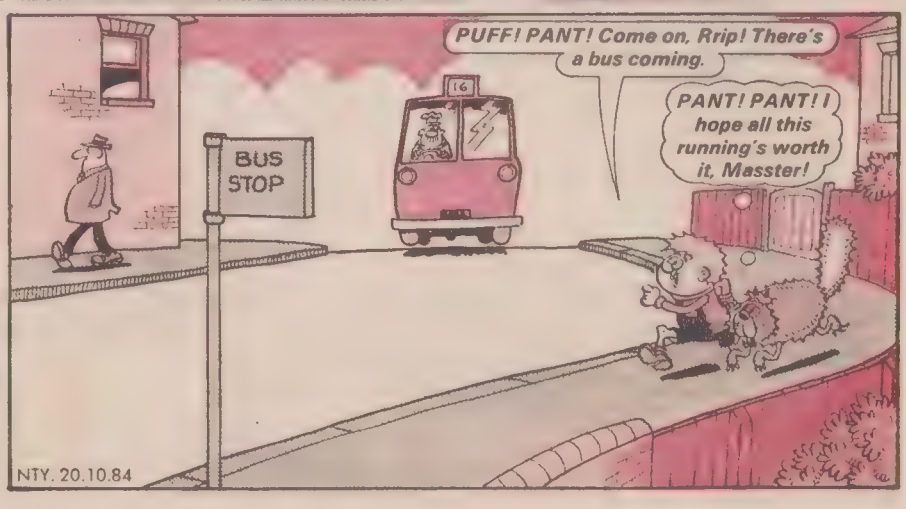

Nip! I've no rice left! I'll have to go and buy some more!
But I needed it for my pea-shooter!
RICE
Why didn't he use peas?

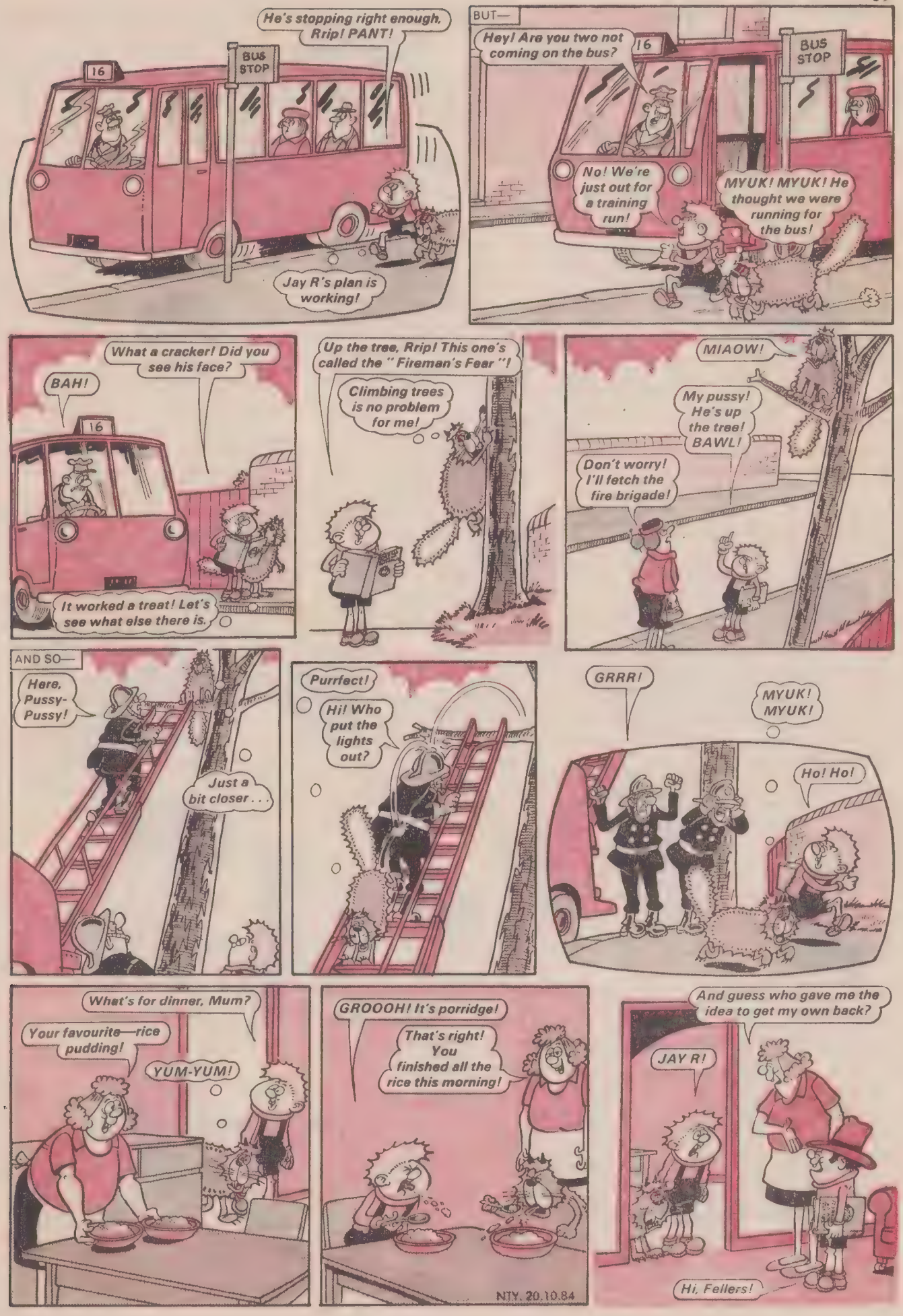
Out, the pair of you! I'll keep the pea-shooter!
Spoilsport!

Look, Rrip! Someone's dropped a book!
Wonder what it is?

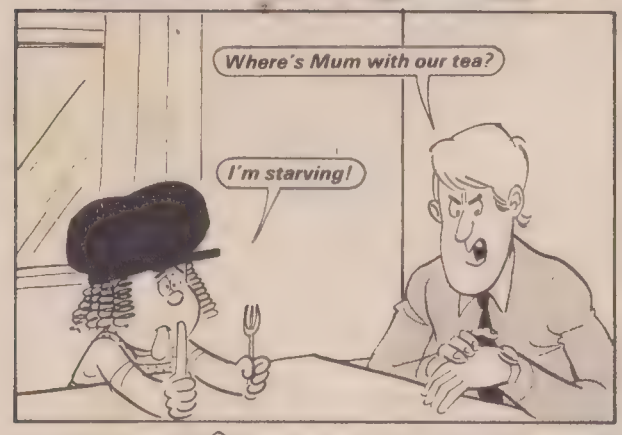

It's JAY R's rotter book!
Open it, Masster, and let's be rotters for the day.
JAY R'S BOOK OF ROTTENNESS


Here's one! It's called "Being Rotten to Bus Drivers!"
Sounds great! MYUK! MYUK!


PUFF! PANT! Come on, Rrip! There's a bus coming.
PANT! PANT! I hope all this running's worth it, Masster!
BUS STOP
16
NTY. 20.10.84


He's stopping right enough, Rrip! PANT!
16
BUS STOP
Jay R's plan is working!
BUT—
Hey! Are you two not coming on the bus?
No! We're just out for a training run!
MYUK! MYUK! He thought we were running for the bus!
What a cracker! Did you see his face?
BAH!
It worked a treat! Let's see what else there is.
Up the tree, Rrip! This one's called the "Fireman's Fear"!
Climbing trees is no problem for me!
MIAOW!
My pussy! He's up the tree! BAWL!
Don't worry! I'll fetch the fire brigade!
AND SO—
Here, Pussy-Pussy!
Just a bit closer . . .
Purrfect!
Hi! Who put the lights out?
GRRR!
MYUK! MYUK!
Ho! Ho!
What's for dinner, Mum?
Your favourite—rice pudding!
YUM-YUM!
GROOOH! It's porridge!
That's right! You finished all the rice this morning!
NTV. 20.10.84
And guess who gave me the idea to get my own back?
JAY R!
Hi, Fellers!

MICRO DOT


Where's Mum with our tea?
I'm starving!

Sorry I'm late, Folks.
Coo! Mum has bags an' bags of goodies.

I heard there was going to be a shortage, so I bought a few extra tins.
SARDINES?

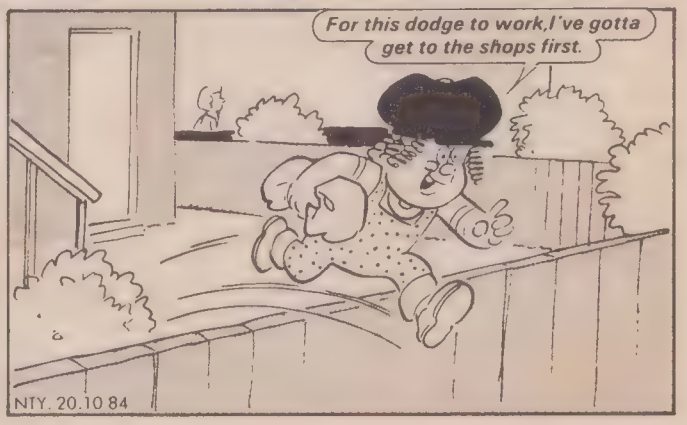
Last week you heard there was to be a shortage of SPAGHETTI—now we've enough to feed all of Italy!

This pesky panic-buying must stop.
Huh!

I'm going to load this info into my computer and see if it'll come up with a dodge.
DODGE PROGRAM LOADING

Yeh-heh! This is worth trying.

NEXT DAY—
'Bye, Mumsie! Have a marvy time at the shops.
'Bye, Dot!


For this dodge to work, I've gotta get to the shops first.
NTY. 20.10.84

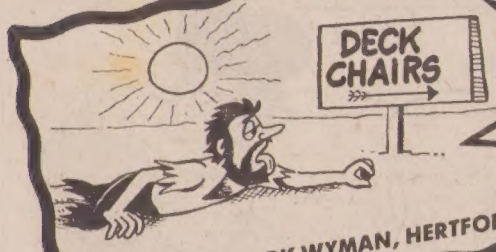
DOWN TOWN—
My! My! I see there's going to be a shortage of toffees and lollipops.
Is that a fact?
I'd best buy some extra then.
WAHEY! THE DODGE WORKED!
THEN—
SWEETS
Hi, Mum! I've come to help you carry the shopping home.
Look at all these sweets.
BACK HOME—
I'll put the supplies away for you, Mum.
Put them away into my tum, that is.
SOON—
GANGWAY! TAXI! SHOPS FIRST STOP!
Tut! Tut! More panic-buying, Mum?
READER'S VOICE
You bet!
NTY. 20.10.84
SOON—
I had to get tummy medicine fast. For my poor sick daughter.
Moan! Guess who ate too many sweets? Groan!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN

SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.



MARK WYMAN, HERTFORD.

NUTTY NEWSFLASH

There was a blaze of publicity today when our advertising department caught fire!

PAUL WHITE, BUDE.

FUNNY FEET!

What do jelly babies wear on their feet?
GUM BOOTS.

LEONA WALKER, BRISTOL.

BRACE YOURSELVES!

CUDDLES—Did you hear about the hold-up last night?
BANANAMAN—No, what happened?
CUDDLES—Pa Slobb's braces held his trousers up!

NUTTY READER, ANNESTOWN.

MATHS MIRTH

TEACHER: Can you tell me about circumference?
TWEET WILLIAM: Yes, Miss. He was a knight of the round table!

MICHAEL DEVLIN, ATHLONE.

MAKING CRIME PAY

JUDGE: You have been found guilty of stealing Little Eric's bananas. Thirty days or fifty pounds?
GENERAL BLIGHT: Er—I'll take the money!

STEPHEN LLOYD, BROMSGROVE.

SAFE AS HOUSES

WIFE—Stop the car! I forgot to turn off the iron. The house might burn down.
HUSBAND—No it won't, I forgot to turn off the shower.

KIM SUTTON, SOLIHULL.

CHART CHECK

Dear Bananaman,
Here is my Nutty Top Five.
Relax—Snoozer.
Bad Boys—The Heavy Mob.
Prince Charming—Bananaman.
Hound Dog—Wild Rovers.
Singing In The Rain—Weatherman.

NICHOLAS KIMBERLY, BIRKENHEAD.

LEGAL LAUGH!

What's a lawyer's favourite pudding?
SUE-it!

LEE COOPER, COVENTRY.

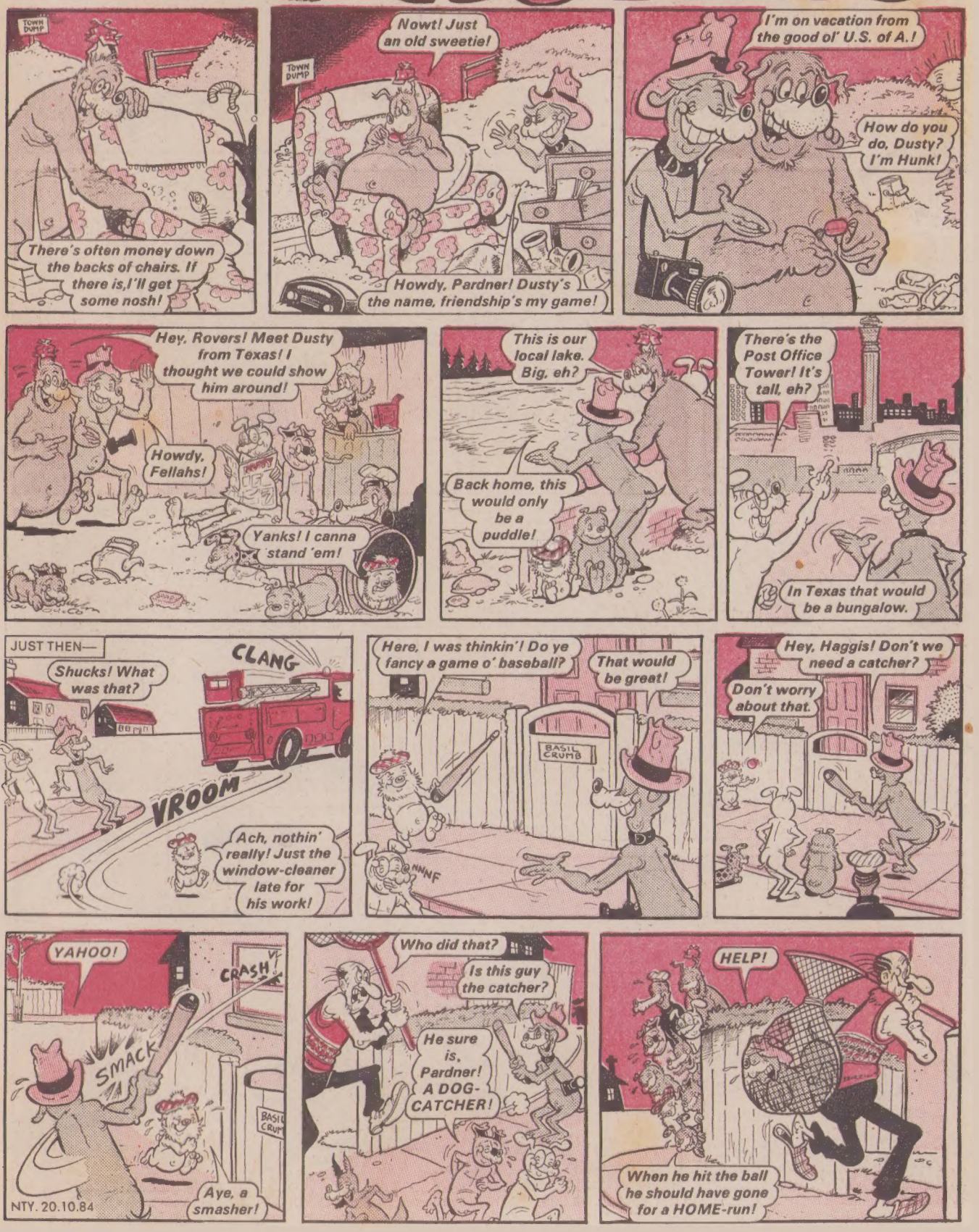
DARREN STEVENS, CUMBERNAULD.

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY. 20.10.84

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

THE WILD ROVERS


TOWN DUMP
There's often money down the backs of chairs. If there is,I'll get some nosh!
Nowt! Just an old sweetie!
Howdy, Pardner! Dusty's the name, friendship's my game!
I'm on vacation from the good ol' U.S. of A.!
How do you do, Dusty? I'm Hunk!
Hey, Rovers! Meet Dusty from Texas! I thought we could show him around!
Howdy, Fellahs!
Yanks! I canna stand 'em!
This is our local lake. Big, eh?
Back home, this would only be a puddle!
There's the Post Office Tower! It's tall, eh?
In Texas that would be a bungalow.
JUST THEN—
Shucks! What was that?
CLANG
VROOM
Ach, nothin' really! Just the window-cleaner late for his work!
Here, I was thinkin'! Do ye fancy a game o' baseball?
That would be great!
BASIL CRUMB
NNNF
Hey, Haggis! Don't we need a catcher?
Don't worry about that.
YAHOO!
SMACK
CRASH!
Aye, a smasher!
NTY. 20.10.84
Who did that?
Is this guy the catcher?
He sure is, Pardner! A DOG-CATCHER!
HELP!
When he hit the ball he should have gone for a HOME-run!

CUDDLES

'AT'S ME!

Phew! That was a hard day—I'm almost on my . . .

HI, DAD!

BONK!

. . . Knees! HOWL!

I'm going to sit quiet and unwind!

Wanna bet?

ZZZ

Dad sleepin'! Me play at dentists.

'At toofy-peg will have to come out, sir.

STOP, CHILD!

Aw, Mum!

SQUEAL!

NIP!

Leave me in peace, Boy!

Me play in the cupboard.

MYSTERIOUS SILENCE!

Now I can't relax for the silence. What is he up to in there?

AARGH!

Hee! Hee! My clockwork toys are just UNWINDING—same as you, Dad!

CRUNCH!

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